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THE CRYPT OF TERROR
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CITY MORGUE

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CITY MORGUE

JOHNNY CRAIG

IN THIS ISSUE:
THEY FOUND HIM IN A BACK ALLEY AND BROUGHT HIM TO THE CITY MORGUE...AN UN IDENTIFIED CADAVER! BUT THEY DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS A
LIVING CORPSE!

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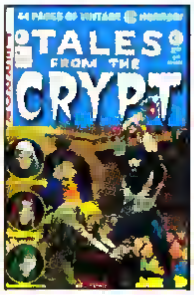

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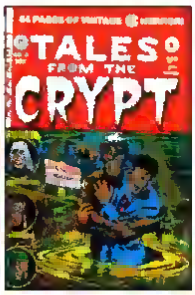

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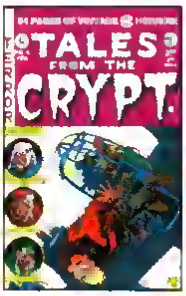

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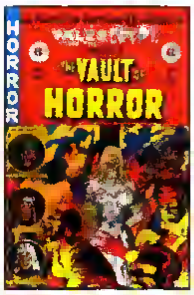

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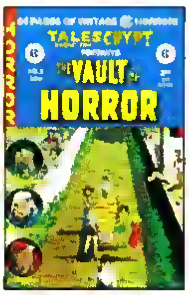

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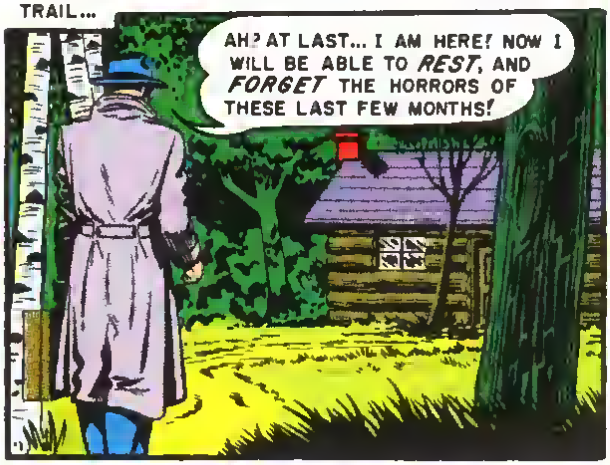
THE CRYPT OF TERROR

MY STORY BEGINS JUST OUTSIDE OF A DESERTED LOG CABIN IN A LONELY STRETCH OF WOODS! DOCTOR EMANUEL HELLMAN APPROACHES OVER AN OVERGROWN TRAIL...



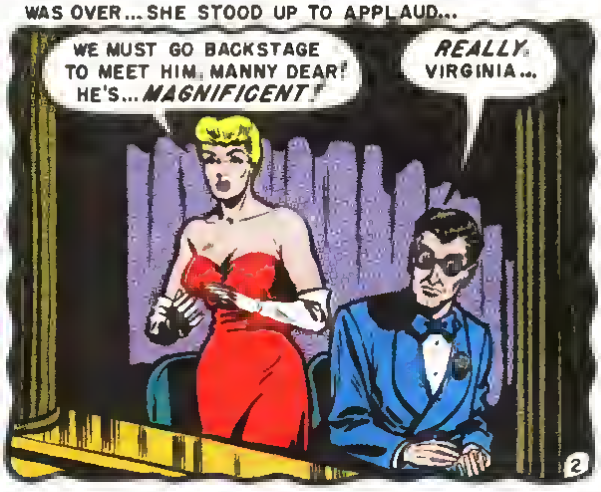
AS THE DOCTOR UNLOCKS THE LONG-SEALED DOOR, HIS EYES FALL UPON...

AS THE GLOW OF THE FIRE PIERCES THE DIM INTERIOR OF THE CABIN, DR. HELLMAN SINKS WEARILY INTO A CHAIR...

AS THE FLAMES OF THE FIRE LEAP HIGHER... AND ITS WARMTH SPREADS THROUGH THE CABIN... DR. EMANUEL HELLMAN SITS STARING INTO ITS DANCING LIGHT...

YES, DOCTOR HELLMAN! YOU REMEMBER IT *WELL!* YOU HAD TAKEN YOUR FIANCEE, VIRGINIA CADDY, TO HEAR THE GREAT VLADIMIR BORRSTEIN PLAY... AND AS THE PIANO MUSIC GREW AND SWELLED TO ITS STIRRING CRESCENDO...

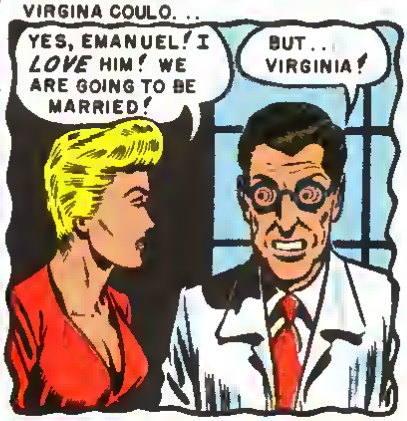
YOU SAT THERE AND WATCHED VIRGINIA, AS THE CONCERT WENT ON! SHE LISTENED, ENTHRALLED... AND WHEN IT WAS OVER... SHE STOOD UP TO APPLAUD...



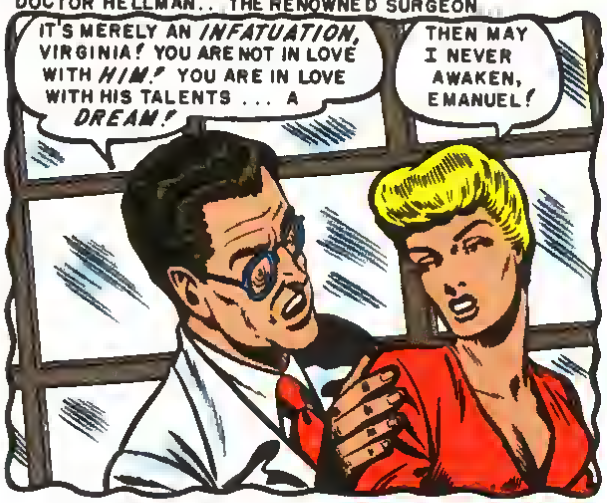
YOU OBJECTED, OR HELLMAN... BUT IN THE END, YOU JOINED THE GROUP OF ADMIRERS CROWDED AROUND MAESTRO BORRSTEIN! VIRGINIA WORKED HER WAY FORWARD... AND THEN... THEIR EYES MET...

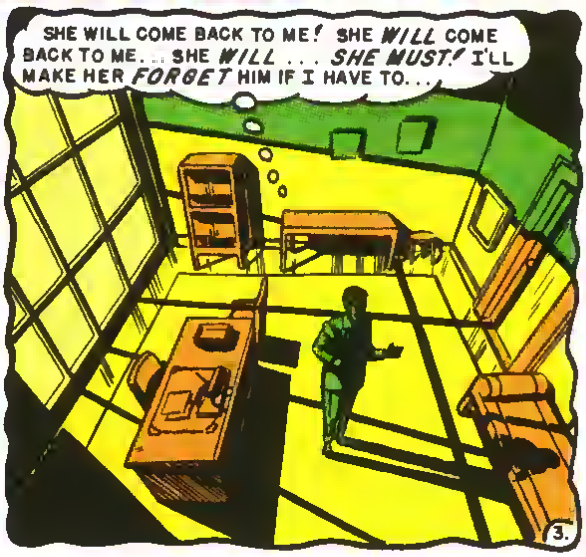
YES, DR. HELLMAN! THAT WAS THE BEGINNING... THE BEGINNING OF THE END! THEY SAW EACH OTHER MUCH AFTER THAT NIGHT...

LIKED IT? SHE LOVED IT! SHE WAS MAD ABOUT ANYTHING HE DID! SHE HAD ALWAYS ADMIRED GENIUS... CREATIVE ABILITY! BORRSTEIN WAS THE ANSWER... THE TYPE OF MAN VIRGINIA COULD...

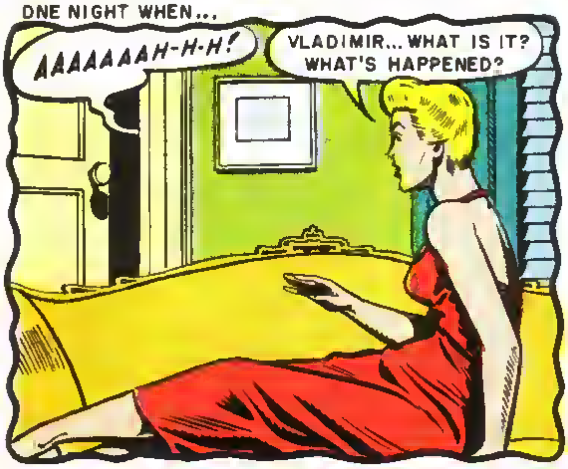


SHE GAVE YOU BACK HER RING! YOU... THE GREAT DOCTOR HELLMAN... THE RENOWNED SURGEON...

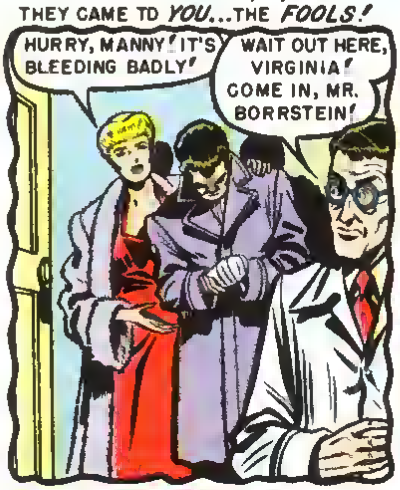




AH, DEAR READER! WHAT EVILS MEN WILL COMMIT FOR THE LOVE OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN! AND DR. HELLMAN WAS NO EXCEPTION! HIS CHANCE CAME ONE NIGHT WHEN...



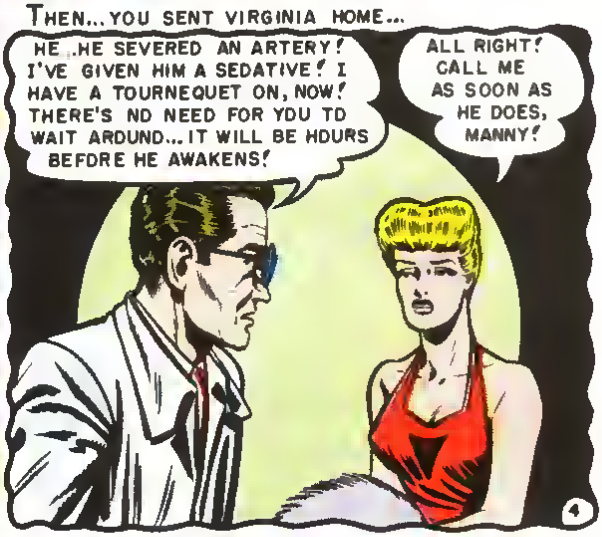
JUST LIKE THE NURSERY RHYME ABOUT THE SPIDER AND THE FLY, EH, DOCTOR? THEY CAME TO *YOU*... THE *FOOLS!*



HIS HAND... HIS WONDERFUL HAND FROM WHICH SUCH BEAUTIFUL MUSIC FLOWED! HOW YOU HATED IT! HOW YOU *HATED* WHAT IT HAD DONE TO YOU... AND YOUR LOVE!

IT WAS A BAD SLASH! BUT.. NOT NEARLY BAD ENOUGH TO WARRANT WHAT *YOU* HAD IN MIND...

THEN... YOU SENT VIRGINIA HOME...



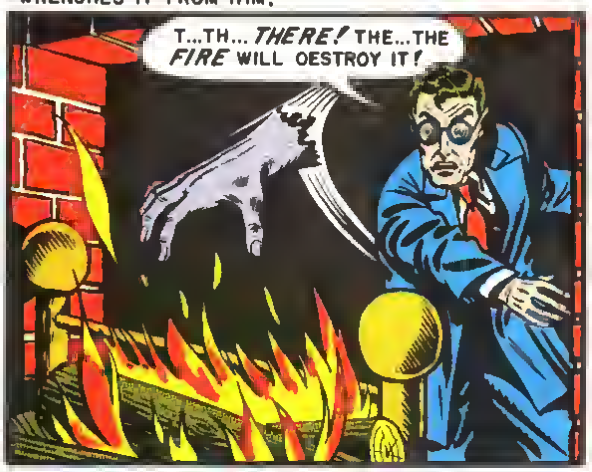
SHE LEFT AND YOU WENT BACK INTO YOUR OFFICE... TO THE INSTRUMENT CABINET...
HE'LL NEVER PLAY AGAIN...
YES, DOCTOR HELLMAN! YOU REMEMBER IT WELL! IN FACT YOU'LL NEVEN FONGET IT... EVER! THE BLOOD... THE TEARING FLESH... THE SAWING OF THE BONE.. ANO THEN...
IT... GASP... IS OONE!
YOU OIDN'T SLEEP WELL AFTER THAT, DID YOU, DOCTOR? BORRSTEIN, DOWNSTAIRS.. UNOER THE ANESTHETIC.. AND YOU IN YOUR SWEATY BEO...
A-A-H-H-H!
BONNSTEIN! HE'S AWAKE!
MY HAND! WHERE IS MY HAND?
EASY, BORNSTEIN! EASY! IT COULON'T BE HELPEO! THE BLEEOING... IT WOULON'T STOP... NOT EVEN A TOURNEOUET.. AND THE GANGRENE... I HAD TO OO IT... TO SAVE YOUN ARM!
I SHALL NEVER PLAY AGAIN! NEVER! NEVER! SOB... SOB...
HERE, TAKE THIS, BONNSTEIN! IT WILL MAKE YOU SLEEP!
YOU OIO THIS TO ME! YOU CUT MY HANO OFF ON PURPOSE! YOU HATE ME BECAUSE I TOOK VIRGINIA FROM YOU... ANO NOW YOU'VE TAKEN REVENGE! I CURSE YOU... I CURSE YOU... WITH THE HAND YOU CUT FROM ME...
BORRSTEIN... WAIT! YOU'RE IN NO CONOITION TO LEAVE...
IN THE MORNING, HE WAS OEAD! YOU REAO IT IN THE PAPENS! VLAOIMIR BONRSTEIN HAD JUMPED IN FRONT OF A SUBWAY TRAIN... MANGLED BEYONO RECOGNITION! THEN... SHE CAME...
VIRGINIA!
HE TOLD ME WHAT YOU DID TO HIM... HE CALLEO ME BEFORE HE KILLEO HIMSELF! I HATE YOU! YOU'NE EVIL... I HATE YOU HATE YOU... HATE YOU!
5

AND THEN, *SHE KILLED HERSELF*.. AND YOU CAME HERE, DOCTOR, TO THIS LONELY CABIN... TO FORGET!

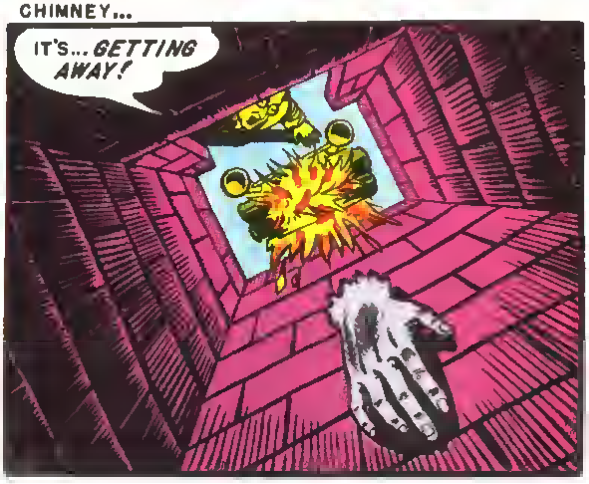
SLOWLY, DOCTOR HELLMAN UNWRAPS THE PARCEL! INSIDE IS A SMALL BOX... AND AS HE OPENS IT...

SWIFTLY, LIKE A CAT, THE HAND SPRINGS FROM THE BOX... TO HIS THROAT...

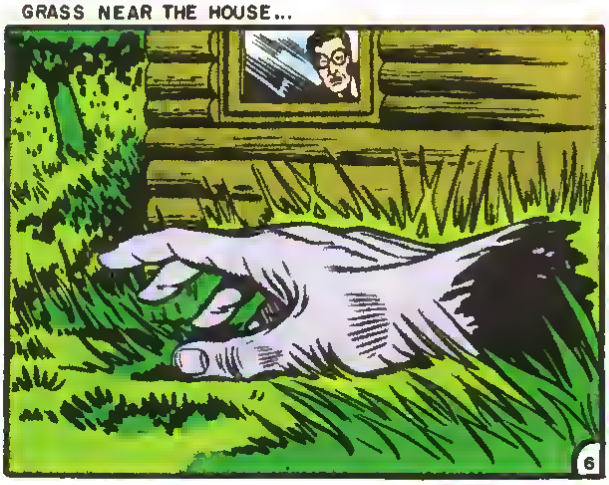
SUMMONING ALL HIS STRENGTH, DOCTOR HELLMAN TEARS AT THE HAND CLUTCHING HIS THROAT, AND WRENCHES IT FROM HIM!



BUT EVEN AS HE WATCHES, THE HAND, SINGED AND BLACK, JUMPS FROM THE FIRE AND SCURRIES UP THE CHIMNEY...



AND EVEN AS HE WATCHES FROM THE WINDOW, DOCTOR HELLMAN CAN SEE THE HAND MOVING ABOUT IN THE GRASS NEAR THE HOUSE...



THE MINUTES BECOME HOURS... AND OOCTOR HELLMAN SITS, TERRIFIED, IN A CHAIR...

I CANNOT LET THE FIRE GO OUT! THE WINDDWS AND DDORS ARE LOCKEO! BUT IF THE FIRE DIES... THE HANO WILL COME BACK DDWN THE CHIMNEY!

BUT AS THE HOURS DRAG ON... OOCTOR HELLMAN'S EYES, HEAVY WITH SLEEP...CLOSE! SUODENLY... THE ROOM IS FILLEO WITH MUSIC... *PIANO MUSIC!*

NO! NO!

CAUTIOUSLY, DOCTOR HELLMAN SLIPS TOWARD THE PIANO... AND THEN HE SEES IT...

BORRSTEIN! IT'S *BORRSTEIN'S* RIGHT HAND! THE HAND I *CUT OFF!*

IF I COULO GRAB IT AS IT PLAYS... I CDULD KILL IT BY HDLDING IT IN THE FLAMES...

QUIETLY, HELLMAN MOVES CLOSER... ANO CLOSER... AND THEN HE LUNGES...

GOT IT!

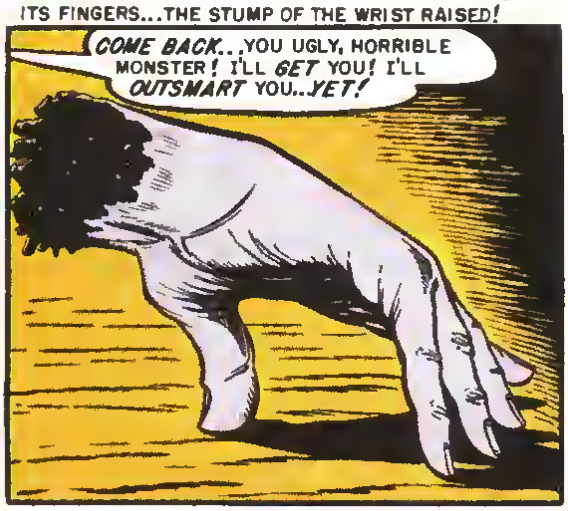
QUICKLY HE STUMBLES ACROSS THE RDOM... ANO FALLING ON HIS KNEES BEFORE THE FIRE, HE THRUSTS THE SQUIRMING HAND INTO IT...

AAAAAAAAAH!

AS THE HUNGRY FLAMES LICK OOCTOR HELLMAN'S FINGERS, AND HE BECOMES CONSCIOUS OF THE PAIN... HE RELAXES HIS GRIP ON THE WRITHING HANO...

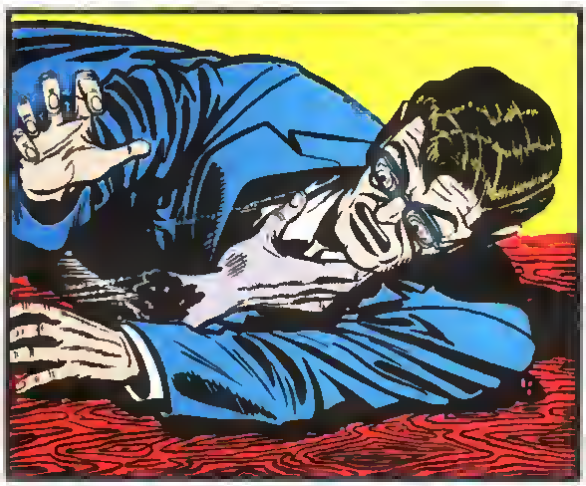
NO...NO... IT'S *GETTING AWAY* AGAIN...

THE HAND DARTS ACROSS THE FLOOR...RUNNING ON ITS FINGERS...THE STUMP OF THE WRIST RAISED!



BUT AS DOCTOR HELLMAN STAGGERS AFTER THE SCAMPERING HAND...

SUDDENLY THE HAND TURNS AND SPRINGS AT THE DOCTOR'S THROAT...



VAINLY, DOCTOR HELLMAN STRUGGLES, TRYING TO PULL THE HAND FROM ITS STRANGLE HOLD ON HIS THROAT...

BUT, AFTER A WHILE, HIS STRENGTH EBBS...AND THE DOCTOR'S GRIP RELAXES! HE IS *DEAD* FROM STRANGULATION!

A FEW DAYS LATER, WHEN THE CARETAKER DISCOVERS HIS BODY... AND CALLS THE POLICE...

AND THAT'S THE STORY, DEAR READER! THE "HAND" WAS IN DOCTOR HELLMAN'S OWN MIND! THAT'S WHAT HE GOT FOR COMMITTING SUCH AN UNDERHANDED TRICK! GRIPPING TALE, WASN'T IT! WELL, IF YOU CAN STAND IT, THERE ARE MORE STORIES FROM MY COLLECTION FOLLOWING THIS ONE! TAKE A GOOD HOLD OF YOURSELF...HEH-HEH...AND READ ON!

IF YOU LIKE THIS STORY AND THE OTHER STORIES IN THIS BOOK, WON'T YOU WRITE ME? ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO:

CRYPT
RUSS COCHRAN
POB 469
WEST PLAINS, MO 65775

ON FOG-SHROUDED NIGHTS, IN THE LONELIEST OF PLACES, STRANGE HORRORS WALK--UNSEEN AND UNKNOWN TO MORTALS! BUT SOMETIMES...SOMETIMES THE BARRIER OF TERROR LIFTS SLIGHTLY AND WEIRD *THINGS* ENTER THE CITIES OF MAN! SUCH A THING WAS...

THE LIVING CORPSE

ANOTHER SUSPENSTORY FROM THE CRYPT OF TERROR!

CITY MORGUE

JED BRYANT'S JOB AS ATTENDANT AT THE MORGUE WAS NOT WHAT ONE WOULD CALL PLEASANT, BUT JED WAS GETTING OLD, AND THE WORK WAS EASY...

FOUND THIS STIFF IN A BACK ALLEY, DEAD AS CAN BE!

HEY, JED, THIS PLACE SURE IS QUIET!

YEAH, IT'S QUIET ALL RIGHT! ANYWAY, THE CUSTOMERS DON'T COMPLAIN! HEH, HEH, HEH!

THE MEN LEFT, AND QUIET REIGNED, BROKEN ONLY BY THE TICK-TOCK OF THE CLOCK... BUT BEHIND JED'S BACK A GRISLY SCENE WAS BEING ENACTED...

SUDDENLY THE DEATHLY STILLNESS WAS BROKEN BY A WEIRD BUBBLING SCREAM FROM THE LONG-DEAD CORPSE! ICY FINGERS CLUTCHED AT JED'S THROAT.

ARRRRGH!

NO! DON'T TOUCH ME GUGGGHH!!

JED'S STRAINING HEART POUNDED UNMERCIFULLY AS THE TERRIBLE CLAMMY HANDS SQUEEZED HIS THROAT! AS HE SANK DOWN INTO STYGIAN DEPTHS HE GASPED... AIR... AIR...

SLOWLY CONSCIOUSNESS CAME AS JED RETURNED FROM THE VERY BRINK OF MADNESS! HIS THROBBING EYES WILDLY SEARCHED THE ROOM... THE CORPSE WAS GONE!

MY THROAT-- GASP! OH, THE PAIN... WATER... WATER!

A LIVING CORPSE. D-H-H! MY HAIR... *MY HAIR!* GOOD HEAVENS, I'M GOING MAD! *MAD!*

NO ONE MUST FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED! THEY'LL THINK *I* STOLE THE CORPSE! THEY'D NEVER BELIEVE *THIS* WILD STORY! I'D LOSE MY JOB! WITH THE ENTRY TORN OUT THERE'LL BE NO RECORD OF THE BODY AT ALL!

THE WALK HOME FROM THE JOB WAS A NIGHTMARE! JED CONSTANTLY PEERED OVER HIS SHOULDER AS THE SIMPLE SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT ASSUMED WEIRD AND FANTASTIC FORMS...

I SEE...*THINGS!* THEY'RE NOT *REAL*...THEY *CAN'T* BE!

CAN'T GET OVER THE FEELING SOMETHING'S FOLLOWING ME! THE PLACE IS SO *DARK!*

AH! THAT'S BETTER! I'LL GET RIGHT TO BED!

THE HORRIBLE MONSTERS THAT HAUNTED JED'S DREAMS LEFT HIM WEAK AND EXHAUSTED! HOW COULD HE FACE THE NEXT NIGHT'S WORK?

NO PRISONER WALKING THE LAST MILE EVER DRAGGED HIS STEPS MORE THAN JED! FALTERING AND TREMBLING HE ENTERED THE MORGUE...

MORGUE

GOTTA KEEP MY MIND ON MY WORK! CHECK THESE BODIES! LOOK AT THIS POOR MAN GUESS THIS JOB'S BEGINNING TO GET ME DOWN!

HERE'S ONE MUST'VE COME JUST BEFORE I GOT HERE GUESS I BETTER TAKE A LOOK BEFORE I SHOVE IT IN THE REFRIGERATOR!

ARRRGHH!

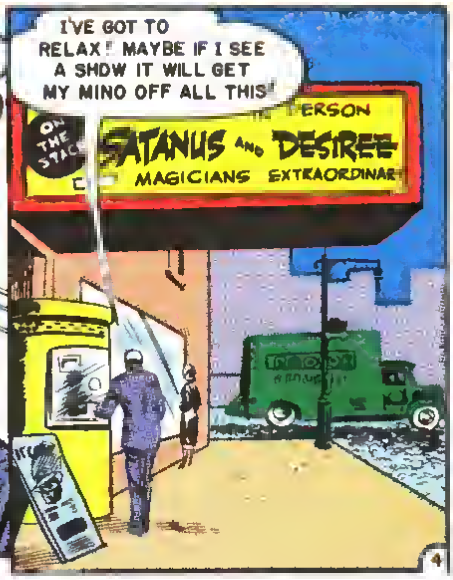
THE SHOCK OF ANOTHER CORPSE COMING TO LIFE BEFORE HIS EYES WAS TOO MUCH FOR JED' DARKNESS ENGULFED HIM AS THE CORPSE'S SHARP TALONS OF DEATH SANK INTO HIS FLESH...

JED...JED' WHAT'S HAPPENED?
THWARTED AT HIS INHUMAN LABORS AND SNARLING AT THE INTRUSION, THE MONSTER SLIPPED INTO THE SHADOWS...

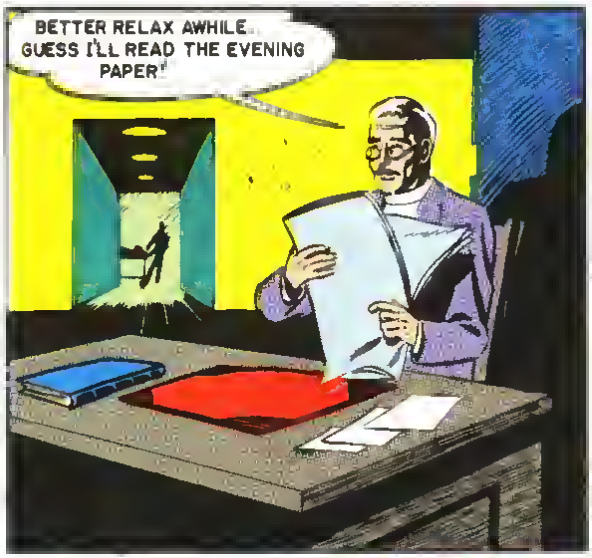
GOOD LORD, MAN! YOUR HAIR... IT'S WHITE!
MY HEART...NOT SO GOOD LATELY' HAD AN ATTACK...THE SHOCK...

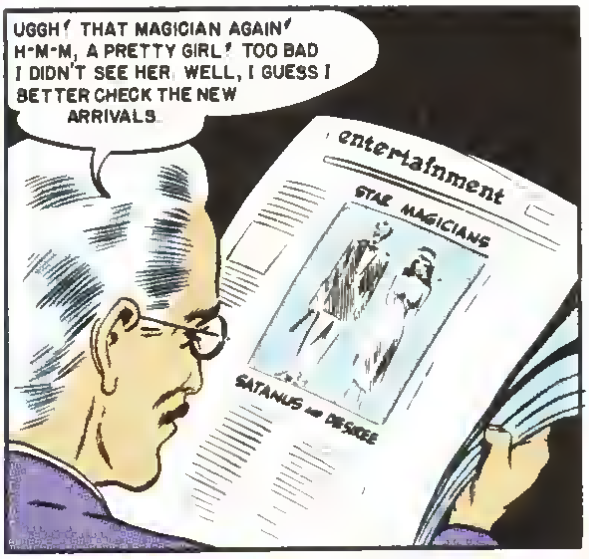
YOU'D BETTER HURRY AND SEE A DOCTOR I'LL TAKE OVER FOR YOU!
YES, YES...A DOCTOR! I'LL GO RIGHT AWAY!

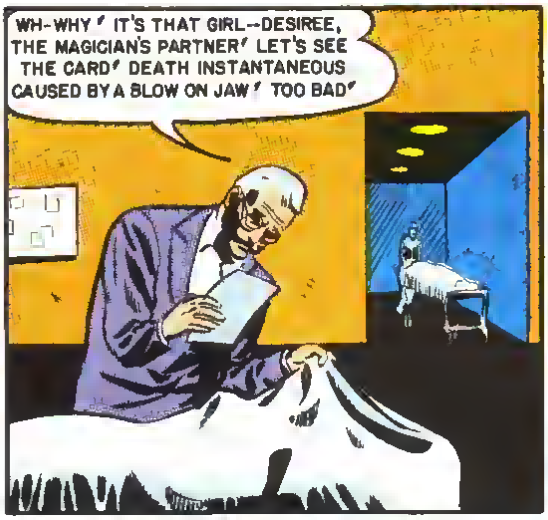
BUT I CAN'T SEE A DOCTOR! HOW CAN I TELL ANYONE WHAT HAPPENED? I'M ALL ALONE ..AND I'M SCARED! THAT THING IT MAY BE FOLLOWING ME!

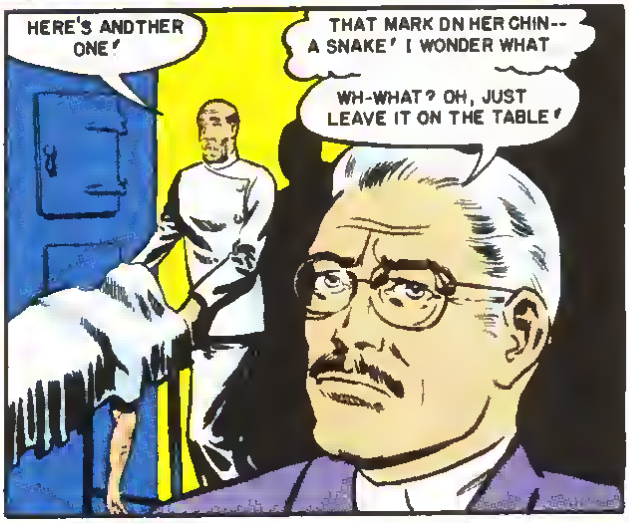

I'VE GOT TO RELAX! MAYBE IF I SEE A SHOW IT WILL GET MY MIND OFF ALL THIS!
SATANUS AND DESIREE
MAGICIANS EXTRAORDINAIRE
4

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I REGRET THAT MY PARTNER, THE BEAUTIFUL DESIREE, WILL NOT BE ABLE TO APPEAR TONIGHT! BUT STILL, I WILL ATTEMPT MY MOST AMAZING FEAT! QUIET PLEASE!
SATANUS and DESIREE
AND NOW, SATANUS WILL DO... THE IMPOSSIBLE! FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES, KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE CLOCK-- SATANUS WILL REMAIN SUBMERGED IN THIS TANK OF WATER!
TWO AND A HALF MINUTES GONE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! YOU CAN HEAR HIS HEARTBEATS FROM THIS SENSITIVE MICROPHONE STRAPPED TO HIS CHEST! LISTEN! THEY'VE STOPPED! SATANUS-- HE'S DEAD!
THE FIFTEEN MINUTES ARE UP! HIS HEARTBEATS HAVE RESUMED! SATANUS RETURNS-- ALIVE-- FROM HIS WATERY GRAVE! SATANUS-- THE ONLY MAN TODAY WHO CAN CONTROL HIS BREATHING AND HEARTBEATS SO AS TO APPEAR DEAD!
NO, NO! I CAN'T STAND IT! I'M HAUNTED BY DEATH! WHY CAN'T THEY LEAVE ME ALONE!
BETTER GET BACK TO WORK. I DON'T CARE STAY AWAY ANY LONGER! THEY MIGHT SUSPECT SOMETHING!
I'LL BE OKAY NOW, TIM. YOU CAN GO, AND THANKS!
IF YOU'RE SURE YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT! GOOD-NIGHT!


BETTER RELAX AWHILE... GUESS I'LL READ THE EVENING PAPER!


UGGH! THAT MAGICIAN AGAIN! H-M-M, A PRETTY GIRL! TOO BAD I DIDN'T SEE HER WELL, I GUESS I BETTER CHECK THE NEW ARRIVALS
entertainment
STAR MAGICIANS
SATANUS and DESIREE


WH-WHY! IT'S THAT GIRL--DESIREE, THE MAGICIAN'S PARTNER! LET'S SEE THE CARD! DEATH INSTANTANEOUS CAUSED BY A BLOW ON JAW! TOO BAD!

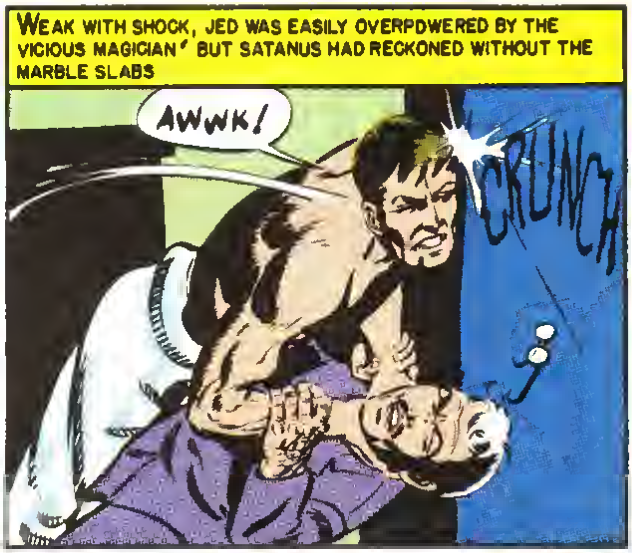

HERE'S ANDTHER ONE!
THAT MARK ON HER CHIN-- A SNAKE! I WONDER WHAT
WH-WHAT? OH, JUST LEAVE IT ON THE TABLE!

IF SHE WAS HIT... A RING MIGHT HAVE... MADE THAT MARK... A SNAKE...

YEEOWW! THAT RING!

IT'S HE... SATANUS, THE LIVING CORPSE... WITHOUT HIS BEARD AND MOUSTACHE! HE MUST HAVE KILLED THE GIRL! HE'S...

ALIVE!
YES--ALIVE! BUT YOU WILL BE DEAD! TWICE BEFORE I SEARCHED FOR THE GIRL--NOW I HAVE FOUND HER! I MUST REMOVE THE MARK OF THE RING! THEN NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW...


WEAK WITH SHOCK, JED WAS EASILY OVERPOWERED BY THE VICIOUS MAGICIAN! BUT SATANUS HAD RECKONED WITHOUT THE MARBLE SLABS
AWWK!
CRUNCH

SLOWLY JED REGAINED HIS SENSES, BUT HE WAS FRANTIC WITH FEAR! WAS SATANUS FINALLY DEAD? OR STILL ALIVE TO THREATEN HIM AGAIN...
I'LL PUT HIM IN THE REFRIGERATOR! I'LL JUST MAKE SURE HE'S DEAD! HA! HA! HE'LL NEVER GET ME, NOW!

NO . NO! I'M NOT DEAD! I'M NOT DEAD!!
NO, BUT YOU WILL BE! AND WHEN THE POLICE COME DH-H-H MY HEART!

LET ME OUT-- YOU FOOL! LET ME OUT! I'LL FREEZE TO DEATH!
DH-H-H! THE PAIN... DH-H-H!

JED'S HEART POUNDED... THE BLOOD BEAT IN HIS EARS... DEATH'S CHILLY FINGERS WERE GRASPING HIM...
THE POLICE...GOT TO CALL...MY HEART...
DON'T LEAVE ME HERE!

THE WILD SCREAMS FROM THE REFRIGERATOR GREW WEAKER AS JED'S MIND DULLED AND THE WORLD SLIPPED AWAY! SATANUS WOULD NEVER GET OUT FOR JED WAS...SCARED TO DEATH! SATANUS HAD CONDEMNED HIMSELF TO A REAL AND FINAL GRAVE!

PORTRAIT OF LIFE...AND *DEATH!*

Rollini touched his paint-brush to the palette . . and as he withdrew it and turned toward his easel there was a strange glint to his eyes His mouth hardened momentarily as he scrutinized the canvas before him . . then his flesh filled with color and his eyes widened as if with wild delight.

"This will be the painting to enshrine my name forever," he thought, his chest rising and falling with great rapidity, as if inwardly he were going through some strange and tremendous exertion. "This will be a token of my great talent," he thought And his eye moved from the flaming, tempestuous colors of the canvas to the woman who stood across the room from him There could be no uncertainty about it . . . the canvas was an exact duplicate of the living woman . . but there was a bizarre, almost a ghostly difference For the woman appeared to be bloodless, even the pigmentation of her hair appeared to have begun to seep from her If anything, the portrait was more lifelike than the living woman who was posing for it.

"It was wise of me," Rollini murmured to himself as his brush flashed and stabbed at the canvas, now applying the magenta, now the deep rich brown. "Wise of me to marry my model . . . so that I could bring her here to my garret without fear of talk behind my back"

The picture was nearing the great moment of completion, and Rollini worked with redoubled speed, completely engrossed now in the portrait of his wife "She has not left the garret in weeks," he thought to himself as he worked on, never tiring in his labors, never ceasing . . . his eye flashing from model to canvas . . from canvas to model. "Since I started this great portrait of my wife, she has been a virtual prisoner! For I cannot let her interfere with the mood that has seized me . . . cannot let her break the spell which enables me to put on canvas the very crystallization of what she is, what she lives for! For this portrait will BE life to all those who see it!"

He hunched forward more than ever now . . the end was clearly in sight Another dab at the sharp line of the eyebrows . . . a stroke at the cupid's bow mouth . . . and he would have transferred all that his young wife was to the canvas!

He turned once again to the spot where the living woman sat for a last sweeping view . . . and suddenly he was shocked by her sight. For in the few short weeks he had been working on her portrait she had visibly aged. Suddenly he was aware of her pallid complexion, of her wax-like skin. He MUST finish now . must HURRY!

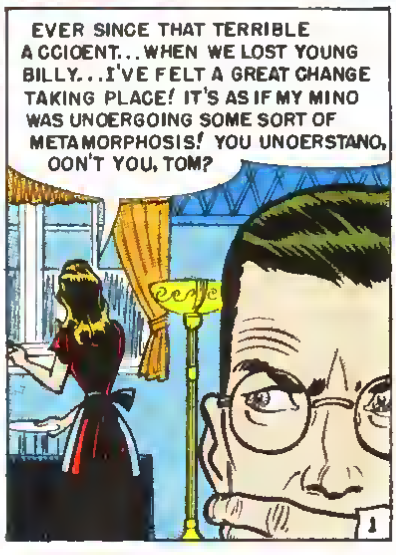
And then it was *finished!* With a roar of triumph he threw his brush and palette to the floor. "This is the great work of my life, little one," he shouted, "and I could not have done it without YOU! For it is LIFE . life transferred to canvas!"

And he turned at that moment, and his eyes grew wide with wonder . . . then bewilderment . . then stark fear! A light seemed to dim and burn out behind his eyes! A mad look came over him There, on the other side of the room, his wife lay dead where she had fallen from the spot in which she had posed! And she was old . . as old as the portrait was young! Rollini had succeeded . . . he had taken his wife's life . and put it on canvas!

THOSE LIGHTS MRS. MANDER THOUGHT SHE SAW FLICKERING IN THE NIGHT... THE GHASTLY WAIL SHE WAS *POSITIVE* SHE HEARD... THE DOG WITH ITS THROAT SLASHED BY THE VERY KNIFE SHE FOUND AT THE FOOT OF HER BED... ALL OF IT COULD MEAN ONLY *ONE* THING! THERE WAS...

MADNESS *at* MANDERVILLE

ANOTHER SUSPENSTORY from THE CRYPT OF TERROR!



YOU SHOULON'T HAVE OONE IT, MARIOH' THE WAY YOU'VE BEEH FEELING LATELY, I DOH'T THIHK YOU'RE UP TO IT ' AND BESIDES... YOU DISOBEYED MY ORDERS BY WORKIHG AROUND THE KITCHEH... I TOLO YOU TO KEEP OUT OF IT UNTIL YOU FEEL BETTER '
THE GLASS... IT SLIPPEO OUT OF MY HAHD ' I--I CAN'T SEEM TO HOLD ANYTHING, TOM... M--MY MIHD... M-- MY N--HERVES '
YOU'RE JUST NOT YOURSELF MARIOH...
CRASHHH!
I-I'M GOING TO PIECES TOM... SOB ...YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT ABOUT MY NOT GOING INTO THE KITCHEN UNTIL I'M FEELING BETTER... SOB
OF COURSE I AM MARION... I TOLO YOU THAT FOR YOUR OWN GOOD ' A FEW WEEKS OF REBT... A CHAHCE TO FORGET THAT TERRIBLE ACCIDEHT... AHO THIS WHOLE EPISODE WILL BE NOTHING BUT A BAO OREAM '
YOU LOOK TIREO.. THE WORRY AND ANGUISH HAS TAKEN MORE OUT OF YOU THAH YOU REALIZE ! COME... LET'S TRY TO GET SOME SLEEP '
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D OO IF I DIDN'T HAVE YOU TO LEAN ON '
W--WHAT B THAT ? M--MY HEART... IT ALMOBT BTOPPEO BEATIHG ' W-WHAT IS IT TOM ?
IT'S ONLY RUSTY, OARLING.. IT'B SO OARK UP HERE WE OIDN'T SEE HIM ' YOU MUST HAVE BTARTLEO HIM WHEH YOU STEPPEO ON HIM !
YIPE!
M--MAKE HIM KEEP AWAY FROM ME TOM... T--THE SHOCK... IT ALMOST KILLED ME JUST NOW !
HUSH MARION... THERES NOTHING TO BE AFRAIO OF '
THIS SEOATIVE... IT WILL HELP YOU TO SLEEP, MARION ' GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO FORGET THE ACCIDENT... AND ALL THE OISTURBANCE AND HEART-ACHE IT'S CAUSEO YOU '
2

THE HOURS PASSED IN THAT STRANGE HOUSE CALLED MANDERVILLE. AND THEN

T-TOM...TOM...*TOM!* THE LIGHTS...T-THEY BLINDED ME! COMING IN THROUGH THE WINDOW... COMING C-CLOSER...*CLOSER!*

WHAT LIGHTS, MARION? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING...NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY, ANYWAY! AND I'VE BEEN TOSSING AND TURNING... COULDN'T SEEM TO DOZE OFF! SO THAT I WAS AWAKE AND WOULD HAVE SEEN...

Y-YOU DIDN'T SEE ANY LIGHTS FLASHING THROUGH THE WINDOW... S-STABBING AT ME? YOU MEAN THERE *WEREN'T* ANY LIGHTS... AND I CAN SEE WHAT DOESN'T REALLY EXIST...?

OF COURSE THAT ISN'T WHAT I MEANT, MARION...AND FROM THIS POSITION I CAN SEE THOSE LIGHTS TOO! THEY'RE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT... YOU JUST FORGET THEM!

SOB! I FEEL AS IF SOMETHING *AWFUL* IS HAPPENING TO ME...AND THERE'S NOTHING...SOB!.. THAT I CAN DO..

S-SINCE THE ACCIDENT IN WHICH BILLY WAS KILLED...S-SHE'S BECOMING WORSE AND WORSE! THE TERRIBLE STRAIN...IT MUST HAVE AFFECTED HER MIND! SHE'S IN A BAD WAY.. SEEING LIGHTS THAT AREN'T THERE...!

THE DREADED NIGHT PASSED, AND ONCE AGAIN IT WAS MORNING AT MANDERVILLE...

A COUPLE OF HOURS SLEEP HAVE HELPED ME, TOM.. HO WONDER A PERSON THINKS SHE'S GOING OUT OF HER MIND, THOUGH...WITH TERRIBLE NOISES LIKE THAT WAIL JUST NOW!

W-WAIL? YOU MEAN YOU HEARD A SCREAM OR SOMETHING JUST NOW?

Y-YOU DIDN'T HEAR IT..THAT NOISE LIKE A SIREN? O-DIDN'T HEAR *ANYTHING*?

THIS IS FAR MORE SERIOUS THAN I FEARED! MARION MUST BE IN REALLY BAD SHAPE! AS SOON AS I FINISH AT THE OFFICE I'D BETTER HURRY HOME! AND IF SHE WANDERS BACK INTO THE KITCHEN NO TELLING WHAT SHE MAY PUT IN THE FOOD! BETTER HAVE A WORD WITH DOCTOR BRENNER NEXT DOOR!
THE DAYLIGHT HOURS SEEMED INTERMINABLE TO TOM MANDER BUT AT LAST HE WAS BACK AT MANDERVILLE AND THE EVENING HAD PASSED WITHOUT FURTHER INCIDENT
COME UP AS SOON AS YOU'VE FINISHED YOUR PAPER, TOM
SHE DOES SEEM BETTER, TONIGHT! HER SPIRITS HAVE LIFTED AND THESE CURIOUS THINGS SHE SEES AND HEARS M-MAYBE THEY'VE DISAPPEARED!
EVENING
THAT WILD, INSANE LOOK IT SEEMS TO HAVE GONE FROM HER EYES! THE STRAIN OF BILLY'S DEATH IT MAY BE WEARING OFF AT LAST! I'VE ASKED DOCTOR BRENNER TO STOP IN TOMORROW PERHAPS HE'LL FIND HER ON THE ROAD TO RECOVERY!
THE MINUTES TICKED BY ON THE CLOCK AT TOM MANDER'S ELBOW THEY STRETCHED INTO AN HOUR TWO HOURS
W-WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MARION?
GO BACK TO SLEEP, DARLING I'M THIRSTY GOING TO GET A GLASS OF WATER...
TOM MANDER WAS IN NO MOOD FOR SLEEP QUIETLY HE WATCHED HIS WIFE CROSS THE ROOM. ALERT FOR ANY OUTBREAKS ON HER PART ANXIOUSLY WATCHING FOR SIGNS OF AN ONCOMING SPELL.
NOTHING FOR YOU TO WORRY ABOUT, TOM I-IT'S JUST THAT I'M TERRIBLY. RESTLESS...TONIGHT!
T-TOM! GOOD HEAVENS! I .I FEEL FAINT!
W-WHAT IS IT, MARION? WHAT IS IT?
T-THERE ON THE FLOOR! T-THAT THAT KNIFE! HOW DID IT GET HERE, TOM W-WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
A BUTCHER'S KNIFE SOAKED WITH BLOOD!
4

T-THE BLOOD A TRAIL OF IT... DOWN THE STEPS! LEADS TO THE CELLAR...

I'M AFRAID OF IT, TOM... MORE THAN I'VE EVER BEEN BEFORE! W-WHAT WILL WE FIND AT THE END OF THE BLOOD TRAIL... WHAT WAS THE KNIFE DOING AT THE FOOT OF MY BED?

R-RUSTY! H-HIS THROAT *SLASHED!*

T-THE DOG, *DEAD!* MURDERED *MURDERED!*

SHE *IS* MAD! OR BRENNER...I'LL HAVE HIM OVER FIRST THING IN THE MORNING! EVEN *I'M* BECOMING A LITTLE FRIGHTENED!

I'M GOING MAD, TOM... *MAD!* YOU'RE IN A HOUSE WITH A WOMAN WHO'S *INSANE!* I KNIFED THAT DOG... PUT THE BLADE NEAR MY BED ...AND I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER IT! M-MY MIND...IT'S CRACKING... CRUMBLING...

THE NIGHT WAS A HORRIBLE ORDEAL... BUT SOMEHOW TOM MANDER KEPT HIS EYES OPEN UNTIL THE FIRST RAYS OF MORNING... HIS GAZE NEVER ONCE LEFT HIS WIFE'S CRUMPLED FIGURE

...AND THAT'S ALL THERE *IS* TO TELL... ALL I CAN REMEMBER... ALL I *THINK* I REMEMBER!

HMMM...DO YOU THINK YOU COULD GET ME A CUP OF COFFEE, MRS MANDER? IT'S SO EARLY... I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A CHANCE TO BREAKFAST...

I WANTED TO GET HER OUT OF THE ROOM BEFORE I SPOKE CANDIDLY TO YOU, MANDER! THIS IS *SERIOUS* A CASE OF A MIND DEGENERATING... CRACKING ALL AT ONCE! THERE'S DANGER IN A CASE LIKE THIS.. *GREAT DANGER!*

A PERSON SUFFERING FROM THIS CONDITION MUST BE COMMITTED TO AN INSTITUTION FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE! *AT ONCE!* WE DON'T KNOW *WHEN* THERE MIGHT BE A VIOLENT OUTBREAK WE MUST SAFEGUARD AGAINST IT! IF YOU CAN COME WITH MRS MANDER TO THE HOLBROOK HOME THIS AFTERNOON...I'LL HAVE ALL THE PAPERS READY! THEY SPECIALIZE IN CASES OF THIS KIND!

WITH A HEAVY HEART, TOM MANDER DROVE TO THE HOLBROOK HOME ..HIS WIFE HUDDLED MISERABLY AT HIS SIDE! NOT FOR A SECOND DID HE LET HER SLIDE FROM HIS SIGHT...FOR THE DOCTOR'S WORDS STILL RANG IN HIS EARS!

RIGHT THIS WAY, DEAR ..DR BRENNER ASSURED ME THIS IS FOR THE BEST! THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OUT...

DR. BRENNER HAS EXPLAINED THE WHOLE CASE TO ME, MR MANDER AND I SYMPATHIZE WITH BOTH YOU AND YOUR WIFE! THE ONLY SOLUTION AT THE PRESENT TIME IS TO COMMIT THE PATIENT... DO WHAT WE CAN TO RESTORE THE MIND! AND SO, IF MRS MANDER WILL SIGN THIS RELEASE FORM...
I WANT NO EXPENSE SPARED IN THIS CASE, DR HOLBROOK... SHE MUST RECEIVED THE FINEST TREATMENT THE BEST CARE!
WE UNDERSTAND COMPLETELY, MR MANDER... THE PATIENT WILL BE CAREO FOR IN THE BEST POSSIBLE MANNER!
THIS RELEASE FORM..IT FREES US TO CARE FOR THE PATIENT AS WE SEE FIT! AND NOW... WE'O BETTER START THE TREATMENT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE...
NO NEED FOR YOU TO BE AFRAID, MARION DEAR...
THERE'S OUR NEW PATIENT! HANDLE MISTER MANDER WITH CARE, PLEASE... HE'LL BE STAYING WITH US FOR SOME TIME!
W--WHAT? ARE YOU MAD, HOLBROOK... IS THIS A JOKE OF SOME KIND?
T--TOM? TOM IS THE PATIENT YOU'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT?
LET ME GO, YOU IDIOTS! I'LL HAVE THIS PLACE TORN DOWN... YOU'RE MAD... ALL OF YOU ARE MAD! YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG ONE... Y--YOU'RE MAKING A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!
EASY, MRS MANDER. DESPITE WHAT YOUR HUSBAND CLAIMS.. WE ARE NOT MAKING A MISTAKE! HE... AND NOT YOU IS INSANE!
BUT IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE! THE WHOLE THING... IT'S BEEN A NIGHTMARE! THE SOUNDS I HEARD... THE STRANGE LIGHTS...NEVER EXISTED!
BUT THEY DID, MRS MANDER! AS YOUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR, I CAN TESTIFY THAT THEY DID! THOSE LIGHTS NIGHT BEFORE LAST... MY OWN CAR COMING UP THE DRIVEWAY! AND THE WAIL OURING THE OAY... AN AMBULANCE SIREN GOING BY OUR HOUSES! WHEN YOUR HUSBAND DESCRIBED THOSE THINGS TO ME... AS IF THEY HADN'T HAPPENED... I KNEW HE WAS MAO!
I--IT WILL TAKE ME A LONG TIME TO ACCUSTOM MYSELF TO THE TERRIBLE TRUTH! I WAS SO CERTAIN THAT I WAS INSANE... AND THAT TOM BROUGHT ME HERE TO COMMIT ME!
THAT WAS THE BEST METHOD TO GET HIM HERE... FOR HE, TOO, WAS CERTAIN THAT YOU WERE THE MAD ONE! BUT SPEAKING TO YOUR HUSBAND CONVINCED ME THAT HIS CURIOUS BRAIN MALADY HAD OEAOENED HIS RESPONSES... THAT HE DIDN'T SEE AND HEAR THINGS WHICH ACTUALLY HAPPENED! YOU'VE BEEN UNDER A GREAT NERVOUS STRAIN... BUT MR. MANDER'S MIND HAO CRACKED!
6

THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Heh, heh! Already I'm up to the second issue of my morbid mag! It seems like only 42 years ago I released this the first time (see "#18" of THE CRYPT OF TERROR, see the original logo below).

Dear CK,

This is in defense of 11-year-old Alicyn Novit, who wrote that her friends like to read "Ghost Ship" in "Tales From the Crypt" Vol. 2. You said it was Vol. 1.

"Ghost Ship" is indeed in Vol. 2, of the Random House series of novelizations of "Tales From the Crypt" stories. I bet that's what Alicyn's library has; it's a series of children's books newly illustrated by Jack Davis, along with panels from the originals.

You've got your "Crypts" crossed.

Guy MacMillin
Chesterfield, NH

Egad! That great Guy is right! That'll teach me to stay out of circulation for 4 decades! Alicyn, whose letter ran in *NEW* CRYPT #1, was little doubt right, and I offer her my sincere apologies! Random House is up to Volume 5 (ISBN 0-679-83074-X) of their series, which features new Ghoulunatic covers by Davis. Also new, "Jokes from the Crypt" (ISBN 0-679-83168-1) which features me (and two other jokers) as a stand-up comic. —CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I would like to start off by saying that I am EC's number-one fan!!! Robert Borruso, who claimed he was in *NEW* CRYPT #1 doesn't even know the proper abbreviation for "Tales From the Crypt" which is "Crypt" (he said "Tales"). If Robert isn't #1, what makes me #1? Well, I've made a list:

1. I study the art of EC and can pick out what was drawn by whom.
2. I know the history of EC comics.

There are many other reasons which have slipped my mind at the moment. Love is what you need to be a fan. You must love Ghastly's detailed painted style of art. You must love Davis's small arches which he often used to fade out from shadows and the wrinkled-pants technique. You must love Craig's extra sideburn and flipping hair along with his quality corpse drawings (Davis also has the corpse quality). You must love Marie Severin's coloring skills. She knew the right color schemes for each artist and used excellent contrast in shades. She always equipped Ghastly with faded shades of blue, orange and deep reds.

EC comics have inspired me to be a writer. It also has inspired my friend Dan Kraut (another super mega-big huge EC fan) to be a writer.

Now you have brought his dream back to a new generation of readers who, like me, have been inspired to be perhaps another Ghastly (my favorite EC artist) or another Davis or Craig. Thank you!

CRYPT's True #1 Fan,
Philip M. Smith
Philadelphia, PA

Is there anyone who'd like to be CRYPT's #1 False Fan? —CK

Dear Mr. Cochran,

My name is Shawn Chancey, and I am a big CRYPT and VAULT fan. I would like more information on the hardback books you sell. Please send it to me.

Thank you!

From a CRYPT lover and a Real Horror Fan!

Shawn Chancey

Please note Shawn is not claiming to be the True #1 Real Horror Fan! And thank goodness! —CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I've just started to read your comics and they are great! I have a question. Where did the Vault Keeper and the Old Witch come from? Keep up the good work.

Tahara Eastman
Tulsa, OK

V-K and OW came from—under a rock! And they can crawl right back! No, seriously (seriously?), OW came from the Old Country (watch for HAUNT #14, or get RCP HAUNT #1, see our ad in this comic). The Vault-Keeper came from nowhere and his stories from the same place. —CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I thoroughly enjoyed [RCP CRYPT 6]. Excellent artwork. I buy your magazine not only for the quality reading material, but for the fantastic illustrations. This is definitely one of the spookiest, superbly well-written, talentedly artistic comic books I've ever read and looked at, one of the best comics around. It's—Great! What a mag!

A sincere CRYPT
artist/reader fan,
Melanie Miller
Lawrenceville, IL

You may not be the #1 artist/reader fan, but you're sincere. —CK

Dear CK,

I just finished [RCP CRYPT 6]. Terror-ific! Why, I even loved the CRIME SUSPENSTORIES at the back of the book!

In Comic Buyers Guide No. 441 (I think) while introducing [RCP CRYPT #4], your teeth were vampire's! Please spill it, are you a vampire?

But back to Teles, I was going to say the Vault-Keepers stories are like him, DEAD. They make me snore.

Leremie, why must you irritate the GhouLunetics so? Please give a little time in between your letters.

Well, I've taken enough of your time and the sun's coming up, so I'll dig you later!

Eric Henderson
Burnsville, MN

I'll ask for a DIG-UP cell for midnight, that's my time to HOWL! Erik, the CRIME material is good stuff, and you can get it in our reprints of CRIME appearing as a seperate title every quarter!

No, I'm not a vampire, nor do I play one on TV. But after decades of waiting around to get back into comics, I got a little long in the tooth! That's the fangs I get!

VK's a dead one, alright, altho I never held that against anyone. It's only right to read them the same way he writes them, asleep! I wonder if Laremie Carlson isn't a victim of Vaultoale Narcosis; it's been weeks since he's written. —CK

Dear Russ,

Thank you for reprinting those great EC horror comics from the early 50s. At the age of 35, I always felt that I had missed out on something truly classic. Although I have several of your other classic reprints, these new reprints, in the original 32 page format, are "The Real Thing". I'm very pleased with the superior quality, and have enclosed a subscription order for CRYPT, VAULT, and HAUNT.

Mailing the comics in strong envelopes is a good idea. Most apartment mailboxes are small, with a common magazine rack. The envelopes should prevent dog-eared copies.

Once again, thank you, and keep up the good work.

Bruce C. Beighley
Waltham, MA

Okey, we WILL keep the good work, to wit:

The second issues of *NEW* WEIRD SCIENCE, and SHOCK are now in release, and you can still get the first issues of *NEW* VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY, TWO-FISTED TALES, HAUNT, WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY and CRIME! Ask your comic book shop to stock them, or write to us for back issues! Better yet, SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic)!

We want letters! Write to:
CRYPT
RUSS COCHRAN
POB 469
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

THIS COMIC REPRINTS:
CRYPT OF TERROR "#18" (#2, 1950)

"The Maestro's Hand!"	Al Feldstein
"The Living Corpse"	Wally Wood
"Madness at Manderville"	Harvey Kurtzman
"Mute Witness to Murder!"	Johnny Craig

Women are known as the talkative sex, but I never fully realized the power of the *unspoken* word until I became a...

MUTE WITNESS to MURDER!

ANOTHER SUSPENSTORY from THE CRYPT OF TERROR!

JOHNNY CRAIG

IT WAS THE EVENING OF OUR SECOND WEDDING ANNIVERSARY AND STEVE AND I HAD JUST RETURNED TO OUR APARTMENT AFTER A GLORIOUS ROUND OF THE MANY NIGHT SPOTS! IT WAS ALMOST 3 A.M.... BUT I WASN'T THE LEAST BIT TIRED...

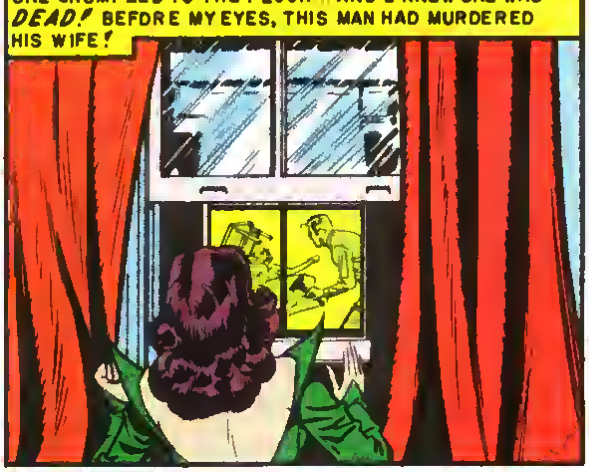
STEVE WENT INTO OUR BEDROOM I MOVED TO THE WINDOW AND STOOD LOOKING OUT... AT THE STARS AND SKY, AT A LIGHTED WINDDW ACRDSS THE COURT. AND I WONDERED IF THE PEDPLE WHO LIVED THERE WERE AS HAPPY AS I.

I WATCHED AS A MAN AND WOMAN MOVED BACK AND FORTH IN FRONTOF THEIR WINDDW. THEY WERE ARGUING...

MY FEELING OF HAPPINESS FLED... AND IN ITS PLACE THERE GREW A FEELING OF DREAD... A PRE MONITION! SOMETHING WAS GOING TO HAPPEN.. I KNEW IT. AND I WAS AFRAID!

I WATCHED SPELLBDUND! THE MAN WAS GESTURING WILDLY, AND THOUGH I COULDN'T HEAR HIS WDRDS, I KNEW THEIR ARGUMENT HAD REACHED A DANGEROUS PEAK!

SUDDENLY THERE WAS SOMETHING IN HIS HAND... HE RAISED HIS ARM AND STRUCK HIS WIFE A HEAVY BLDW! SHE CRUMPLED TO THE FLOOR.. AND I KNEW SHE WAS *DEAD!* BEFDRE MY EYES, THIS MAN HAD MURDERED HIS WIFE!



I WAS PARALYZED! I WANTED TO YELL ...TO SCREAM FDR HELP! I WANTED TD RUN TO STEVE AND TELL HIM ABOUT THIS HORRIBLE THING I HAD SEEN! I WANTED TD MDVE.. BUT I CDULDN'T!

SUDDENLY THE SPELL BROKE! I WHIRLED...STEVE WAS WATCHING ME FROM THE BEDROOM DOORWAY... WITH A PUZZLED EXPRESSIDN DN HIS FACE!

I OPENED MY MOUTH TO BLURT OUT TO STEVE WHAT I HAD SEEN! I DPENED MY MDUTH TO SPEAK BUT NOTHING HAPPENED! MY LIPS MOVED .. BUT NO SOUND CAME OUT! I COULDN'T TALK! *I HAD BEEH STRUCK DUMB!*

I COULON'T SPEAK ! I TRIED, BUT IT WAS NO USE ! THE SHOCK OF SEEING A MURDER COMMITTEO HAO CAUSED ME TO LOSE MY VOICE !

PAM, FOR HEAVENS SAKE, TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG ! *TELL ME !*

SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH YOU, PAM ! YOU STAY QUIET . I'LL BE RIGHT BACK ! I WANT TO GET A DOCTOR ! YOU'RE SHAKING LIKE A LEAF !

STEVE RETURNED A FEW MOMENTS LATER TO FIND ME SLUMPED ON THE COUCH ! I WAS STILL TREMBLING ..

PAM PAM, OARLING ! I'VE BROUGHT OR BASK TO EXAMINE YOU HE LIVES HERE IN OUR BUILOING ..

I SLOWLY TURNEO TO FACE OR BASK ... FOR A MOMENT HIS FACE BLURRED ... BUT IT SUDOENLY CAME INTO SHARP FOCUS ! MY HEART KNOTTED ANO BLOOO HAMMEREO IN MY HEAO .. FOR I FOUNO MYSELF STARING INTO THE EYES OF THE MAN WHO HAO JUST KILLEO HIS WIFE !

I OON'T KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER, OOCTOR ! SHE WAS LOOKING OUT THE WINOOW ANO SUOOENLY BECAME THIS WAY ... LOOKS LIKE SOME KINO OF *SHOCK !* SHE CAN'T EVEN *TALK !*

LOOKING OUT THE WINOOW? HMMM ...

DR. BASK WENT TO THE WINOOW ANO LOOKED OUT. WHEN HE TURNEO TO US AGAIN I SAW IN HIS EYES THAT HE *KNEW* WHAT I HAO SEEN ...

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER, OR. BASK?

ER ... *SHOCK !* POSSIBLY TOO MUCH OF A STRAIN ON HER NERVES IN SOME WAY !... COULO HAVE BEEN CAUSEO BY *ANY-THING !* I'LL GIVE HER A SEOATIVE NOW ... MAKE HER SLEEP !

I TRIEO TO FIGHT AGAINST BEING GIVEN A SEOATIVE, BUT WITH STEVE HOLDING ME, THINKING IT FOR MY OWN GOOD, IT WAS USELESS ...

I FELT OROWSY IN A MATTER OF MINUTES ... OURING WHICH TIME THE DOCTOR CONCLUOEO HIS EXAMINATION. A MOMENT LATER I WAS ASLEEP ...

MURDER !

MURDER !

I SLEPT LONG ANO I AWOKE WITH A START .. TO FINO OR. BASK BENOING OVER ME ! I WAS NOT IN MY HOME ...

AH, YOU'RE AWAKE, MY DEAR ! NOW LIE QUIETLY ANO THERE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE ! THERE ARE SOME THINGS I WISH TO SAY ...

I KNOW YOU SAW ME MURDER MY WIFE AND YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNOWS! AS LONG AS YOU CAN'T CONTACT ANYONE, I'M SAFE! THAT IS WHY I'VE BROUGHT YOU HERE TO MY SANITARIUM! I TOLD YOUR HUSBAND AND EVERYONE HERE THAT YOU ARE A VIOLENT MENTAL CASE AND ARE TO BE KEPT HERE IN CONFINEMENT UNTIL I CAN "CURE" YOU!
YOU WILL BE QUITE SAFE NO ONE WILL HARM YOU! YOU WON'T BE DISTURBED EXCEPT FOR THE ATTENDANT WHO COMES TO FEED YOU! YOU SEE, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO FEED YOURSELF BECAUSE I'M GOING TO TIE YOU UP IN THIS STRAIGHT-JACKET! I DON'T WANT YOUR HANDS FREE TO WRITE NOTES TO THE ATTENDANT!
OF COURSE, THE ATTENDANT WOULDN'T BELIEVE YOU ANYWAY BECAUSE YOU'RE "CRAZY," HA! HA! BUT I BELIEVE IN TAKING PRECAUTIONS!
HEY! STOP THAT!
CAN'T LET HIM PUT ME IN A STRAIGHT-JACKET! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
I STRUGGLED FURIOUSLY BUT OR. BASK OVERPOWERED ME! IN A FEW MOMENTS I FOUND MYSELF TRUSSED, HELPLESS, ON THE BED
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT MY HEART CAN'T TAKE MUCH PHYSICAL EXERTION! MY MEDICINE! MUST TAKE MY MEDICINE
AH! I FEEL ALL RIGHT NOW! MY DEAR, EVEN IF YOU HAD OVERPOWERED ME, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO LEAVE THIS ROOM BECAUSE THE DOOR CAN ONLY BE OPENED OR CLOSED BY A GUARD IN THE CONTROL OFFICE PUSHING A BUTTON! EVERYTHING IS AUTOMATIC...
AND THE GUARD ONLY OPENS OR CLOSES THE DOOR IN RESPONSE TO MY VOICE WHEN I SPEAK THROUGH THIS TRANSMITTER HERE BY THE DOOR! THERE IS A SIMILAR ONE OUTSIDE!
IT'S HOPELESS! I'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE NOW! OH, STEVE, IF ONLY YOU KNEW! IF ONLY YOU COULD HELP ME!
HEANIGSON? THIS IS OR. BASK IN ROOM 3 CB OPEN THE DOOR, WILL YOU PLEASE
YES, SIR!
GOODBYE, PAMELA
SOB
SOB
4

I CRIED MYSELF TO SLEEP THAT NIGHT...
STEVE :SOB: STEVE WHY WDN'T YOU HELP ME? :SOB: IF DNLY I COULD SPEAK...TELL SOMEONE! BUT I CAN'T! IT'S HOPELESS...HOPELESS!
THE FEMALE ATTENDANT TENDED AND FED ME REGULARLY. WHEN I TRIED TO SPEAK, SHE WOULD PAT ME ON THE SHOULDER AND SMILE...BUT JUST TO HUMOR ME! SHE THOUGHT I WAS CRAZY TOO!
SURE, KID, SURE TOUCH, AIN'T IT? WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A NAP NOW?
...AND THEN SHE'D LEAVE AND I'D BE ALONE AGAIN...
HEANIGSON? THIS IS NURSE BROWN. OPEN UP, WILL YOU?
OKAY, BROWN
DAYS PASSED MONOTONOUSLY. MY NERVES WERE ON EDGE AND I SOMETIMES CRIED SO HYSTERICALLY THAT I THOUGHT I MIGHT REALLY BE INSANE! AFTER MANY DAYS, I RECEIVED A VISIT FROM DR. BASK
HOW HAVE YOU BEEN, MY DEAR? SORRY I HAVEN'T DROPPED IN TO SEE YOU, BUT I'VE BEEN QUITE BUSY! I CAME TODAY TO TELL YOU SOME RATHER BAD NEWS!
BAD NEWS? WHAT DOES HE MEAN? HAS ANYTHING HAPPENED TO STEVE?
ANY TIME NOW THE SHOCK YOU EXPERIENCED MAY WEAR OFF AND YOU WILL BE ABLE TO SPEAK AGAIN! THAT WOULD BE VERY DANGEROUS TO ME! SO, FOR MY OWN PROTECTION, MY DEAR... I SHALL HAVE TO KILL YOU!
KILL ME??? OH, WHAT WILL I DO? I DON'T WANT TO DIE! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!
IT'S ALL VERY SIMPLE! I'VE SCHEDULED YOU FOR A BRAIN OPERATION TO-MORROW...WHICH I WILL PERFORM! ONE SLIP OF THE SCALPEL AND...
AND I WILL HAVE RID MYSELF OF THE ONE PERSON WHO COULD SEND ME TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR! IT WILL BE A REGRETTABLE ACCIDENT! HA! HA!
5

DR BASK LEFT AND I THREW MYSELF ON THE BED, CRYING IN MY DESPAIR...

I'M GOING TO DIE! I'M GOING TO DIE! I'M GOING TO DIE!

?

I...I *SPOKE!* MY VOICE HAS COME BACK! I CAN SPEAK AGAIN! OH, THANK HEAVEN, I CAN SPEAK! THERE'S HOPE LEFT! I'LL TELL NURSE BROWN AND...

NO!

I *CAN'T* TELL ANYONE! THEY STILL THINK I'M CRAZY! THEY'LL TELL DR. BASK MY VOICE HAS RETURNED AND...THERE MUST BE *ANOTHER* WAY!

ALL NIGHT LONG I LAY AWAKE, TRYING TO THINK OF A MEANS OF ESCAPE. BUT WHEN DR. BASK CAME THE NEXT MORNING, I STILL HAD NOT FORMULATED A PLAN...

I MUST REMEMBER *NOT TO SPEAK!* IF I SPEAK *ONCE*... *I'M DOOMED!*

WE'VE YET SOME TIME BEFORE YOUR OPERATION, MRS. WORTH, BUT I'M GOING TO RELEASE YOU FROM YOUR STRAIGHT-JACKET NOW!

AS DR. BASK LOOSENED THE STRAPS, I REALIZED THAT THESE WOULD BE MY LAST FEW LIVING MOMENTS...FOR ONCE INSIDE THE OPERATING ROOM, I WAS LOST! NOW WAS THE TIME...HERE WAS MY CHANCE...MY *ONLY* CHANCE! I LEAPED!

WHA...?

I FOUGHT VICIOUSLY! I KNEW I WOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO GET OUT OF MY CELL, BUT STILL I FOUGHT! SUDDENLY...

YOU LITTLE WILDCA... *UH!* MY...MY HEART!

HE HAD A HEART ATTACK! HE FELL HEAVILY TO THE FLOOR, HIS HANDS FUMBLING IN HIS POCKETS...TRYING TO FIND HIS LIFE-SAVING MEDICINE! A STUNNED LOOK CAME INTO HIS EYES...

:GASP: MY...MY MEDICINE! I...DON'T HAVE IT...I DON'T HAVE MY MEDICINE! :GASP: I'LL...*I'LL DIE!*

A FLOOD OF THOUGHTS RAN THROUGH MY MIND AS HE LAY THERE, GASPING! WITH DR. BASK DEAD, I'D BE ABLE TO TELL ANOTHER DOCTOR WHAT HAPPENED. THEY'D EXAMINE ME AND FIND THAT I WAS NOT INSANE!
PAMELA...CALL HEANIGSON...TELL HIM... MY MEDICINE...MY...OH...I FORGOT... YOU...YOU CAN'T SPEAK!
BUT... BUT I CAN SPEAK...
WHAT!? THEN CALL HEANIGSON...JUST PUSH THE LITTLE BUTTON... TELL HIM...MY...MY MEDICINE! HURRY PLEASE HURRY...
I'M...I'M SORRY, DR. BASK BUT TO SAVE MY LIFE I MUST LET YOU DIE! IT'S...IT'S THE ONLY WAY...
PLEASE...I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU ;GASP; I'LL SET YOU FREE!...TURN MYSELF OVER TO THE POLICE...I I PROMISE! JUST...JUST CALL HEANIGSON! ;GASP;
I...I'M SORRY, DR. BASK...
BUT...YOU CAN'T JUST LET... ME DIE! SAVE ME...PLEASE! MY MEDICINE...TELL HEANIGSON... PLEASE...PLEASE...PLEASE!
NO...
PLEASE...
NO...
I TURNED TO THE WALL AND COVERED MY EARS TO KEEP FROM HEARING HIM PLEAD FOR HIS LIFE...AND WHEN I TURNED BACK AGAIN, HE WAS STILL...
HEANIGSON? THIS IS THE PATIENT IN ROOM 3CB. SEND SOMEONE IN HERE RIGHT AWAY...DR. BASK HAS JUST DIED OF A HEART ATTACK!
-THE END-

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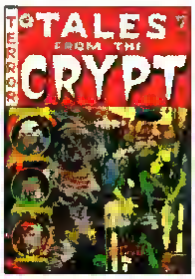

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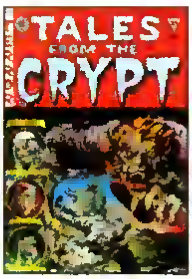

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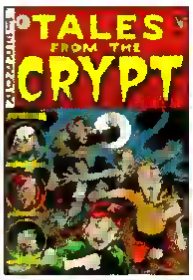

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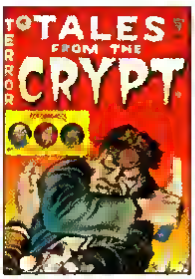

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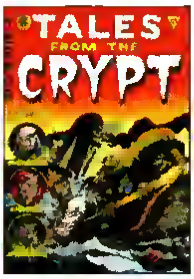

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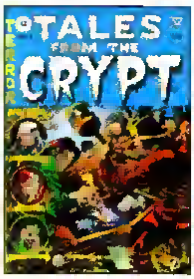

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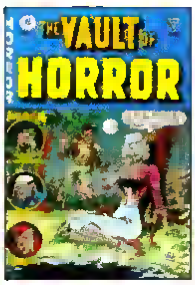

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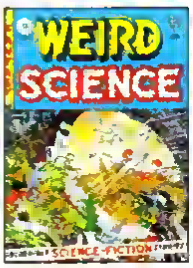

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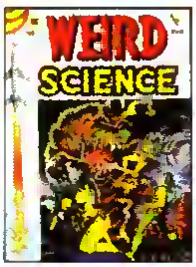

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